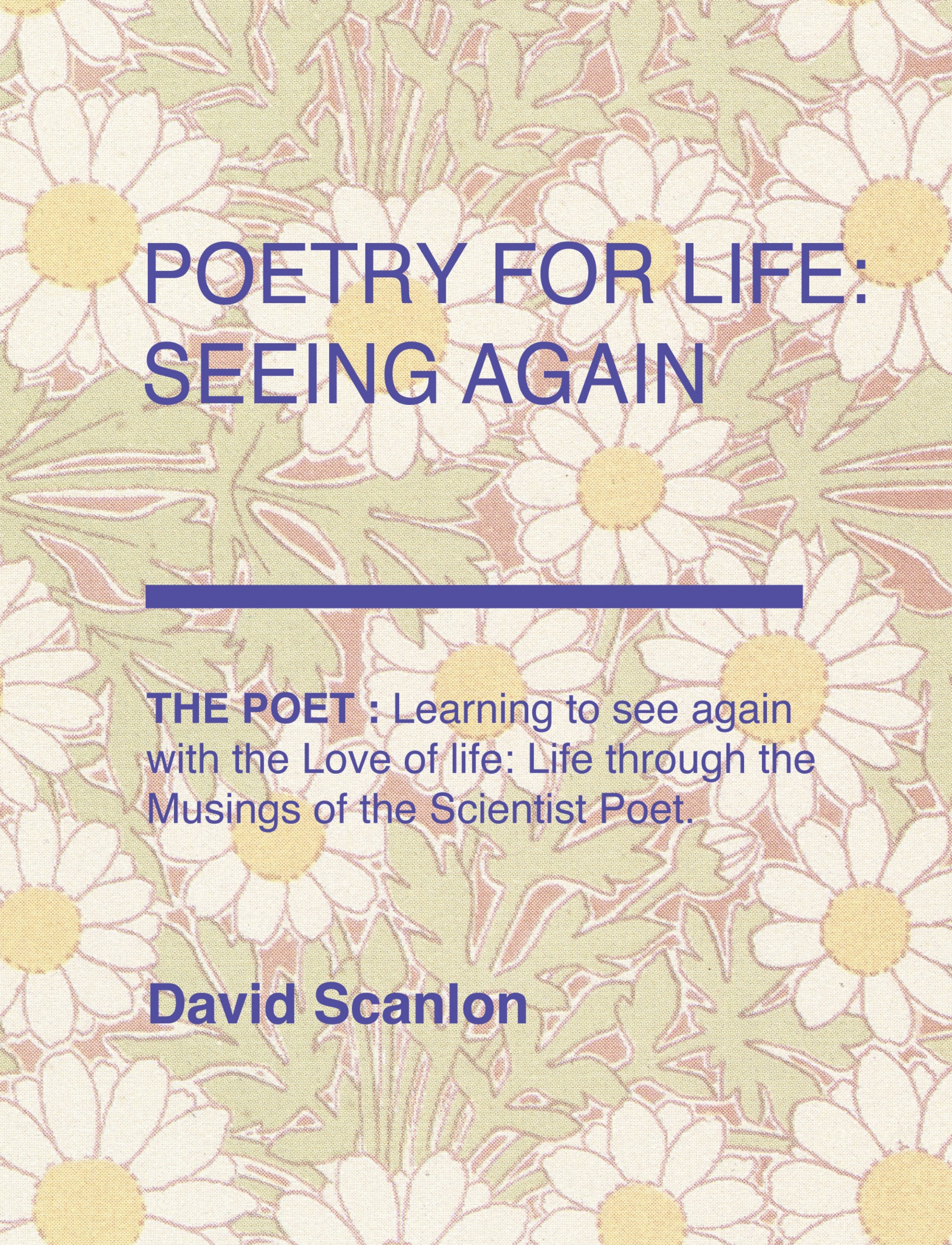




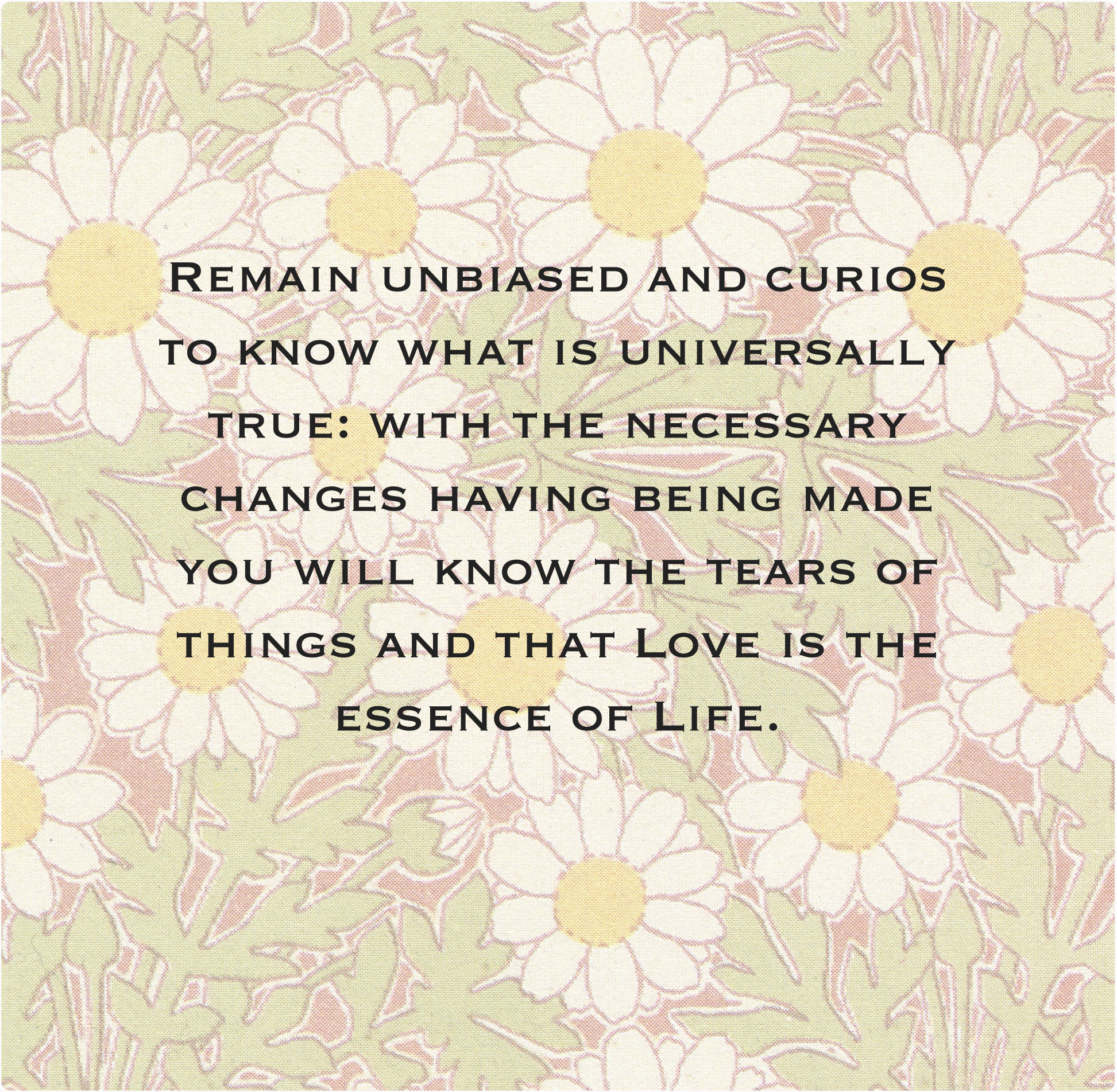
POETRY FOR LIFE: SEEING AGAIN

THE POET : Learning to see again
with the Love of life: Life through the
Musings of the Scientist Poet.

David Scanlon

PUBLISHERS DETAILS

“Worry not about the distant dreams, which live within the human thinking world ,but listen instead and focus on what is real and present. In seeing and hearing, finding her truth through eternal love, the world can be seen for what it truly is. Acceptance follows in love.”



**REMAIN UNBIASED AND CURIOS
TO KNOW WHAT IS UNIVERSALLY
TRUE: WITH THE NECESSARY
CHANGES HAVING BEING MADE
YOU WILL KNOW THE TEARS OF
THINGS AND THAT LOVE IS THE
ESSENCE OF LIFE.**

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.
WILMSLOW



2018

POETRY FOR LIFE: SEEING AGAIN

**THE POET - LEARNING TO SEE AGAIN WITH
THE LOVE OF LIFE: LIFE THROUGH THE
MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

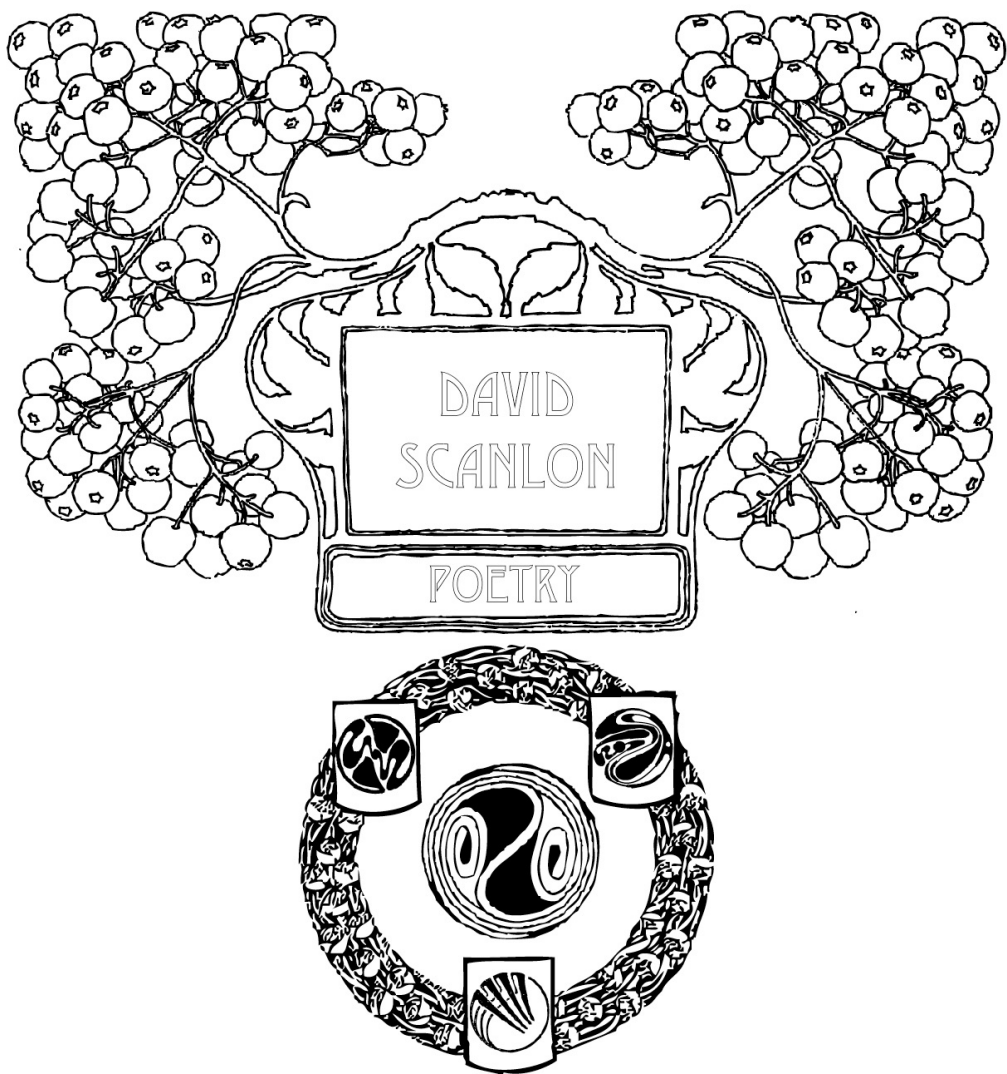
LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

TRANSLATIONS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO (VOLUME 1) - FERNANDO PESSOA

NEEHAR - MAHADEVI VARMA (TRANSLATED WITH PARUL
SINGHAL)

COLLECTED POEMS - NEW TRANSLATIONS





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FOR LEXI & HENRY SCANLON

YOU HAVE HELPED ME GROW AND
LEARN. AS YOU MOVE ON I MOVE ON.
LOVE REMAINS ETERNAL

“PEOPLE ARE THE DRIVERS OF INNOVATION, THROUGH THE USE OF MACHINES, WE HAVE ALWAYS CREATED THINGS: WE ARE INTRINSICALLY SOCIAL ANIMALS SO ENGAGEMENT IN NETWORKS AND CREATING IDEAS AND MAKING THINGS IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF LIFE, WHICH DEFINES US. FINDING WAYS TO WORK COLLABORATIVELY IS ONE OF THE HARDEST HUMAN CHALLENGES BUT WE ARE QUITE GOOD AT IT. MACHINES HAVE IT IS EASY, THEY HAVE NO EMOTIONS, SO WILL NEVER BE TRULY CREATIVE: PEOPLE CARE AND LOVE AND HAVE PASSIONS WHICH IS BOTH OUR INTRINSIC FAILING AND THE JOYFUL DELIGHT OF LIVING A HAPPY AND CREATIVE HUMAN LIFE.”

POEMS

“Seeing and hearing the truth requires a movement beyond thought. The poet’s voice rings louder when the words are found in a trusting acceptance of her eternal voice. Through her voice the music of the silence can be heard again: a reconnection with all poets of all ages of all nationalities.”



**RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM
SCIRE SUB SPECIE
AETERNITATIS: MUTATIS
MUTANDIS SCIES LACRIMAE
RERUM ET AMOR EST VITAE
ESSENTIA.**

David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for ArisGlobal, previously AstraZeneca, and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in

need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This collection was written for love and was created from the many poetic moments we make every day..

SEEING EYES AT PLAY

I heard a sadness in your voice:
Beyond the living words spoken,
Within a tone without rejoice
A needing friend almost broken.

Within the words was clear desire,
Beyond the joys within this play,
Speaking work performed for hire
Of a future wanted now, this day.

To live in this, our present place,
Requires that we give up our race
And find that inner peace today
Through our seeing eyes at play.

HER LOVE IS THINKING AND SEEING

I spent the whole night, without sleep, seeing, without space, her mirage,
Then seeing her, always in different ways, I encountered her full visage.
I have thoughts with a memory of what she's like when speaking of an age,
And in every thought she varies in accordance with her likeness.
Her love is thinking.

And I almost forgot to experience her love in just thinking of her image.
I'm not sure what I need, of this muse, and think nothing of this privilege.
I live in animated distractions: When I desire to encounter and envisage
I almost prefer that I don't find her, so as not to have to leave our village.
I'm not sure what I need, nor do I want to know. I want to see with this sage.
I ask for nothing from anyone else, nor her, but seeing with kindness.
Her love is seeing.

Inspired by a poem of Fernando Pessoa -

[Passei toda a noite, sem dormir, vendo, sem espaço, a figura dela.](#)

I THINK AND FEEL AND LOVE

When I think I become embedded:
Weaved in the fabric of expectation;
Mingled with the myriad of conflicting
Co-emotions that create our treasures;
Find pleasure in the search for those radiant moments,
Gifted are those who know the joys of insightful discovery
From within the many voids of understanding which make
The generous and perpetual contribution to our existence.

When I feel I see differently, beyond:
Not planted in a wallowing self-pity;
Hopeful in the ecstasy of all around
Without the emotions that inhibit self;
I find her pleasure in the seeing of those radiant moments,
Her gift of words bestowed from the joys of insightful discovery;
From within her wordless eternal world filled with understanding
Her generous and perpetual contribution fills my existence.

When I think and feel I am confused:
Dancing beyond and within human frailty;
Searching and moving constantly to her music
Words of love flow and speak without thought,
Found in the every-day pains and pleasure of working together,
Bestowed from those who love the making and creation of things,
Shaped and weaved together in patterns of logical construction
Leading to the generous and perpetual creation of loving existence.

SEEING IN A NEW WAY

Let me touch you with words;
Seek a path to your innerness
Devour the evil outside hindering
Our perfection of togetherness.

If the path is true in your heart
Find in her words the light within:
Shine brightly from the darkness,
Let her joy light up each moment.

Touching journeys of pure meaning
Are within and without of our time;
Moving beyond human time to her time
Opens the boundaries that hold us firm.

Our language of separation separates,
Yet in her humanity of souls she forgives;
Unconscious seeing beyond self-consciousness
Defines the possibility of her new way.

FROM DESPAIR TO A SEEING JOY

For those who care: for those who strive.

I cannot see and I cannot hear
Noises in my head are so unclear;
I strive to find the perfect note
Fully believing in many a quote.

So when dearest friends who see
Reach out to touch and reward me
For moments in our glittering sun
I hear their words and quickly run
To places that escape their care:
Turned around - deepened despair.

I know your words speak a truth,
For in my heart I touched the roof,
Yet for me your care betrays a glint
Of kindness so precious: now to mint.

I know my way is to seek escape,
Hiding behind a tight held cape,
Protecting me from those who care
Turning around, creating despair.
But from the darkness within me
I've found 'a thing' seen by thee.

I've learnt to see and learned to hear
The noise in my head is now so clear.
In striving for those, her perfect notes,
I've stopped looking in others quotes!

SEEING OUR WAY

Each time we see our way
It feels as though we may
Steal away to another world
Where happiness is unfurled.
Leaving our world that may fall
A wholeness of being in us all:
During our brief moments flight
A full restoration, needed respite.
So in taking these clear chances
Our being together enhances
With a full growth of our heart
Which, with luck, will not part.

POETRY REVEALED

I live seeing in a constant movement
Because the restless never rest
Endlessly seeking for the elusive,
The enchanted, the harmonic
Wordless melodies that she
Teasingly unveils.

Through her I am endlessly reborn
Because the music always plays
Endlessly seeking for the fools,
Their unconscious, their dreams
With words and melodies that she
Constantly unveils.

In seeing and hearing and speaking,
Because the thoughts never rest -
Endlessly unveils our possibilities,
Our connectedness, our desires
When we are living within our world:
Work is revealed.

Seeing and hearing and speaking -
Because the words never rest -
Endlessly unveils her innocence,
Her perfection, her truthfulness
For through her eternal presence
Love is revealed.

Living in our every-day goings on,
Because the music always plays -
Comes at a cost as in hearing us speak,
Seeing simple joys, listening to the pain -
Within our truthful scientific world,
We are revealed.

Finding every-day poetic moments,
Because the restless never rest,
Comes at a cost for the seeing poet,
The trapped prisoner, the idealistic fool,
For she speaks of our imperfections:
Humanity revealed.

Seeing and hearing and speaking
Because her love never rests,
Comes with a joy for the seeing poet,
The free spirit, the realistic grafter,
For she has revealed the truth:
Endless movement.

Moving and seeing and being,
Because her truth never rests,
Comes with a joining beyond the body,
Beyond thinking, beyond knowledge,
Where I live in moments:
Poetry revealed.

PRESENT, PRESENT, VERY PRESENT

The Keeper of Flocks XIII
Leve, leve, muito leve - Alberto Caeiro
Fernando Pessoa

Light, light, very light,
A very light wind passes,
And she's always very light.
And I do not know what I think
Nor do I seek to know.

Gentle, gentle, very gentle
A very gentle word whispers,
And she's always very gentle.
And I do not know what I feel
Nor do I seek to feel.

Present, present, always present,
A very present love speaks
And she's eternally very present
And I do not know anything else
Nor do I seek anything else.

THE WAY IT IS: OUR VOCATION

With thanks to William Stafford

“Your job is to find what the world is trying to be.”

Of time and place there is nothing better
Than to absorb tenderly her offering, which
Transforms with the light in a soundscape
Of our making. Finding our elusive threads
Along the way connects us all as we live in
Our glorious daily goings on which makes us.

Time marches us to the tune of the machines,
Which we created to give us the time to be
In the places where love and laughter live,
The place which makes us whole but holds
Not the thread which defines and drives us
Towards our fulfilment in making and doing.

Living at peace within a time focused within
Requires that we see the thread briefly to
Know what is and what is not real. The golden
Words now thread together from beyond time
In the trust of her love which holds us together:
Threads slowly come together to make things!

Machines of time loom together our threads
As the tapestry of life grows a human elegance
Which emerges from the mysteries of love.
In speaking freely of our attachment to looms -
Words from being absorbed, listening and seeing -
Lies an acceptance of all that we have become.

Let the machines of time try to dance and play,
Let them now seek for their coded threads of love,
Within our goings on together, and let us wonder
If their words will ever emerge from her voice:
For to be humane is too feel beyond time and create
From the shared threads which define our longing.

FINDING HER WAY

I played when I should play,
I laughed when I should laugh,
& I loved when I should love.

Finding a way to see came later.

I worked when I should work,
I cried when I should cry,
& I spoke when I should speak.

Finding a way to listen came later.

I slept when I should sleep,
I woke when I should wake,
& I wrote when I should write.

Finding a way to be with her came.

WORDS SHAPE THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Words are what separate us
But words are what join us, in our joyful goings-on;
In our languages of living we
Allow the plurality of our words to intrude upon joy.

Words hold within 'her' magic,
Words she chooses to hide in plain sight;
In our languages of separation we
Allow the ego of our thought words to inflame meaning.

Words allude to a known understanding,
But words lacking acceptance, in her love, remain hollow;
In our languages of joining some can see
And hear and speak her truth, from our trusting goings-on.

Words are what separate us,
Words are what join us, in our joyful goings on;
In the poet's language we find her
And from their depth of pain come words of beauty.

Words are what join all poets,
But words of love, spoken with their separate voices,
A language that speaks in our words of
Her eternal presence, found in her words of love.

FROM DARKNESS TO LOVE

The ringing sounds announced the decent;
From a familiar voice, which will not relent,
Came a heralding into the open abyss.
Will it ever close, even with hopes kiss?

You spoke and took me to a place I know well
A place of harm and hate, once dispelled;
Once I accepted it as all that we can be,
A dark isolated and lonely humanity.

Now a distant dream, with words found in her love
Replacing that furnace with her treasure trove;
Words of beauty shaped from all that we are
Find ways to speak and raise up the bar.

In moving beyond self to a place beyond thought
A moment of spirits movement is now caught,
Converting our truth to news from her realm
A voice of pure love is now at the helm.

Knowing, from not thinking, makes some whole
By taking her secrets, with permission stole,
And placing them in places for all to see;
A truth of loving care from our humanity.

LANGUAGE IS IMPERFECT: LOVE ETERNAL

“Language is imperfect and is why no one language achieves supremacy.”

“There is only beauty; - and she has her perfect expression, poetry. All the rest, it is a lie - except, for those who live of the body, love, and, love of the spirit, friendship.

Stéphane Mallarmé

We walked together for many a year in joyful isolation,
Which, in our absences, harboured a different truth -
One so palatable to bear: that all our fruits of careful
Speech did nothing but enhance our living moments
Despite the feelings which insist upon being shown.

For in our passion to do what is right, pragmatism's gift,
We have done unintended harm, in our clumsy ways,
To those who care just as deep but, in life's constraints,
Humbly move and listen and work towards our aims -
Living each day within our known truths, fully shared.

In our many languages none can acquire her place,
For intrinsic in our understanding is humanities fears,
That we live in the past not in the future or present;
Time being our deepest fear, in our finite place here,
Where our artefacts are those that express our being.

In walking together we have found another way, one
Of laughter and joy and care which challenges reveal:
In our deepest moments of movement lies something,
Seen, but beyond the rational words required of work,
In humanities deepest unspoken partnership, is our love.

A SILENT EMBRACE

When two people embrace in emotions pure light
the world stops and, for the briefest of moments,
lingers within a timelessness that stays for ever:
Time past, time present and time future held firm
within the momentary shared joy of living as one.

So rare is the oneness of our collective knownness,
it stops us in our tracks; speechless and yet present
words hold back as the pure beauty of beyondness
fill up the moment with something which is always
present, never far from being found: pure humanity.

For when we choose to release the barriers of self,
opening up in that truthful human place of trust,
there explodes from within the deepest shared self
a mesmeric and wonderful expression of all we are.
In that silent and pure place is humanities full love.

AWAKE IN HER LOVE

You will wake one day and find
that the weary ways are gone,
replaced by the growing needs
to at once embrace the unheard!

In the silent wonder of her ways
nothing lies beyond except us,
who fail to acknowledge things
which cannot be touched, stored

in the ever growing vaults of time.
An acceptance of all that it is,
of all that we can be, all we are,
lies at the opening of a new way.

The way towards the place of her
is not a place for all, as the fear
which freezes us enchants us too,
in equally profound and true ways.

Yet in being beyond in her silence,
listening, seeing, without it's words,
there remains a slim opening of time;
a courage requiring a deep intimacy

that will touch without touching;
A feeling beyond words, within us;
A place beyond thought, that flows;
A wisdom from a silent non thought.

In the words that come from her
she has little to say, which has not
already been spoken before to us.
Her words are simple and profound

And filled with an overflowing awe
in our humanity which blesses us all
without ever penetrating too deep:
Her breath filled full with loves power.

CARE MOVES ALL TOWARDS LOVE

Your courage is what we all long for,
Expressed within it's purest form
Humility in humanities pride teaches
Those with the hardest hearts care:
Care moves all before her, who wait!

In your tears of joy, painfully shared,
Expressed within her purest form,
Friendships work does not seek care,
From those with the hardest hearts,
But expresses her purest gift, Love!

THE EMERGING POET

Your honour and care betray a soul twisting,
Unresolved, still seeking - the poets curse!
Your power with words of many languages
Shows your joy of words – the poets love!

Finding the words which portray our world,
Showing the truth and ugliness for all to see
Requires a courage beyond the everyday;
It needs the seeking soul to look deep inside
And find in self that which he places in others.

Your kindness and humility betray your love,
Passionate, still growing – finding the poets art!
Your search will end when you see and hear
Beyond thought finding joy in her silent voice!

NOBILITY IS THE TRUE PRIZE SHARED

In honour of Dr Barry Furr OBE

Greatness never sleeps, it only rests firmly
Shouldered by those that step from the shadow.
Life can be lived in the wilderness
Or celebrated in the creation of joy.

Lives beyond the ordinary inspire greatness
In the humanity of those shaped in the legacy.
Holding true to a wisdom, shared,
Predestines strength to shape anew.

Our journey beyond greatness is seen
When passionate care shapes new horizons:
Nobility is the true prize shared
When shaping the health of many.

FINDING LOVES SHARE

Pleasures come in the strangest forms
With friendship our most consistent gift:
Freely available for all who will care
There is nothing to prevent us there!

Conversations cut and thrust each day
Sparkling, dimming with different tones:
Moving freely into our relationships arms
We walk away in joy, without any harms.

In our care and love the decisions still flow
As attention is distracted by patterns of old:
Habitual ways make our days so much fun
Even when some people just cut and run!

Conversation's units of emotional play
Distract and bewilder us to our bones;
Some we remember for their charms
Others leave us with ringing alarms!

So, in all the ways friendship appears
Remember to look and see and not feel:
For the baggage we carry is always there,
And in a moments space lies love to share!

FRAGMENTS OF HER WORDS

The lost fragments of her words
Find ways to speak beyond time
Moving those who see and hear
Towards their searching souls.

In hearing and seeing without,
Within becomes a turmoil in the
Unknown pull towards something,
Found only in our human words;

Our language gives words to
The wordless world of things
And a constant desire to control
Things, expects me to name her.

In speaking of her divine eternity
Words no longer have meaning
For she lives within the emotional
In-between of our strife and joys.

In seeing and hearing and being
The elusiveness of her spirit lives
Joining together word fragments
From our fragmented world: love.

Our language gives words to
The wordless world of things
And a constant desire to control
Things, expects me to name her.

She has no real name but muse,
For all poets know of her power,
Barely understood channelling
Comes to the unsuspecting fool.

In everyday ways we show no love
For our human words point away;
The fool who listens and sees and
Loves through her words is free.

Our language gives words to
The wordless world of things
And a constant desire to control
Things, expects me to name her.

Naming eternal lost fragments,
Reborn again and again over time,
Is not controlling our world of words
But, from moments, speaking truth.

The elusiveness of poetic form
Resounds with eternal elusiveness
Speaking of human needs, love,
Which lives beyond our daily words.

Our language gives words to
The wordless world of things
And a constant desire to free
Things, helps me find our love.

GOODBYE MY LOVE

It is with sadness I wave you goodbye,
For you have taught me well loves joy.
Never will I weep, for with you I grew.

Growing a being beyond what one is,
A revealing of what one needs to become,
Was but a dream when we, in love, began.

Now seeing, in truth, what we both know
Gives even deeper meaning to our love,
Which has enabled this foolish heart.

Your physical form, now in eternal rest,
Is no longer finding words to shape the
Everyday goings-on of this new man;

Shaped and moulded in your image,
With my inner vulnerabilities laid bare,
Your voice rang through all my words.

It is within the form your words came
That I now honour and celebrate life:
Thank you and goodbye my dear love.

Fly now to those with a greater need,
Those who in turmoil fight and resist
Seeking and running, hither and thither

Restlessly devouring self and others
In the hurtful ways in which we all live.
Take your time, as we took our time.

For, in your now eternal place of rest,
Time stands still, as you taught me,
In those moments when we danced.

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Why I write

"I feel very touched and humbled by the fact that you have sent me such a beautiful poem. The way in which you describe the encounter in such robust terms, still managing to display a lightness is exquisite.."

Deborah Cooper

"Your poetry is very impressive, moving and stimulating.

I wish you would write more about the relationship between your public profession and your private inspirations. That is to say, if you see art having a role in work."

Theodore Zeldin

"Wow. That is awesome and profound. Oh golly, very touching and wonderful, truthful and should be embraced."

Denise Whittaker.

"Thank you again for the beautiful words!!!! You made me cry again (and made my husband baffled!)"

Isobel Chicharo

"Thank you David. Beautiful poem."

Hesham Abdullah

"Thank you for the beautiful poem, it really touched my heart! It has always been delightful to speak to you and listen to your words. They give a different perspective to the things we have seen and experienced, which I also interpret through your poems."

Dr. Harrison Zaphery

"Thanks for sharing the poem. It was truly the essence of 'self' and helped to calm many desires!"

Parul Singhal